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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela and New Grenada, and in the Pacific Ocean, from 1817 to 1830. Also, Tales of Venezuela. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

A GREAT mass of information, description, military narrative, and anecdote, is here collected, and collected in a very pleasant and intelligent manner. South America is still novel ground to the traveller; and the scenes of which it has been, and is, the theatre, are marked with all the wild and adventurous spirit which characterises those convulsions with which barbarism has ever emerged into civilisation. Thirteen years of experience have afforded our author ample material; and this is just one of those works where extracts give a clearer idea of their contents than any remarks. We shall, therefore at once commence our miscellaneous collection.

A Ball at Guayana.—"After considerable exertion on the part of our host, room was obtained for the dancers, who performed several national fandangos, quite new to us, and apparently peculiar to the country; such as the *Bambuco*, *Zajudina*, and *Marri-marri*. At length, when they began to tire of these, a young Criollo rose and demanded room. After dancing round the room by himself for a minute or two, he figured up to a lady, to whom he made a bow and retired. She immediately rose, performed the same evolutions, and stopped opposite to one of our party, curtsying by way of calling on him to exhibit in turn. This caused a universal burst of delight among the spectators; and our companion, after in vain protesting that he knew nothing of the dance, was fairly pushed into the centre of the floor by the laughing brunettes. He was of course obliged to acquit himself as well as he could, amidst shouts of applause, and *Vivan los Ingleses!* We were all of us called upon in turn to shew our paces, with which we complied, to their great amusement; and were warmly complimented on our readiness to join in their dances, contrary to the fastidious custom of the Spanish officers. The music—if it merits the name—consisted of several *viñudlas*, (a small kind of guitars,) and harps, in time to which half a dozen professed singers screamed some unintelligible couplets at the top of their voices. These minstrels and troubadours were accompanied by rattles, made of hollow calabashes, containing some grains of maize, with short handles, by which they were shaken; also by several women who, seated round a table, vied with each other in *tamboreando*, or beating time with their open hands. We were glad to escape from this scene of confusion; the dance and mirth becoming more 'fast and furious,' as the *aguardiente*, a spirit distilled in the country, was handed round liberally, and began to take effect. Besides, we were as yet unused to breathe the atmosphere of tobacco smoke that invariably fills these ball-rooms; every individual having, on these oc-

casions, either a cigar or *churumbela* in his or her mouth, which they do not think of laying aside even while dancing. It is indeed considered a compliment, to be presented by a lady with a cigar that she has half smoked; and it would be an unpardonable affront to refuse it. Supper was at last announced. It consisted chiefly of roast beef, cut into long narrow slices, and plantains; with cheese and honey, which is a very favourite dish in most parts of South America. None of the guests sat down to table, nor were knives produced; as every thing that requires to be cut up is carved in the kitchen. We also found it was not customary for any individual to help himself, but each lady presented a morsel on a fork to a gentleman, who, in return, handed her something delicate, that happened to be placed near him on the table. We were warned to beware of refusing any thing offered us; and, in compliance with the fashion of the place, persevered most politely, in spite of fatigue, heat, and a total disinclination to a hot meat supper in this climate. At last, one of our party, who had been particularly annoyed by the mischievous attentions of the Guayaneas, presented one of the most active of his tormentors with a pod of red pepper. As she, of course, declined eating it, we soon obtained a truce, on threatening that we would all follow his example."

Attempted Assassination of Bolivar.—"Beyond the lagoon are many pleasant rides, among the plantations and quintas. One of these, called el Morichal, from the Morichi palm-trees that grow round it, was the place where Bolivar concealed himself the night previous to his intended assassination by the ladies of Angostura. On the evening before this atrocious attempt was to have been made, Bolivar received private information, (from a quarter on which he could depend,) that the ladies of this place, all of whom were noted royalists, had formed a conspiracy to surround him on his return from early mass, (which he always attended on Sundays with only a single aide-de-camp,) and to stab him with poniards, which they were to carry concealed under their mantillas. It was also hinted to him, that the soldiers, who were on guard at the palace, had been tampered with, and were not to be trusted. He immediately, without acquainting even his secretary, sent for an English officer lately arrived, and inquired if he thought that the British soldiers, a few of whom were in Angostura, waiting for boats to convey them up the river to join the army, might be trusted, in a matter on which much depended. The officer assuring him that he would answer for their fidelity, Bolivar directed him to collect as many as he could immediately; to take them out of the city by an unfrequented path that leads round the lagoon; and leaving them there, to meet him at a small door, almost overgrown with briars, which opens at the back of the palace. The officer, quite ignorant as yet of what was about to occur, collected about a dozen Englishmen, and posted them where he had been directed. He then hastened to the

gate, where he found Bolivar waiting for him, muffled in a cloak. Don Simon led the way, avoiding every place where sentries were usually posted; and, being joined by the party of Englishmen, proceeded to his quinta of Morichal. There he explained to the officer the danger he was in, and his reason for intrusting himself to foreigners rather than to his own countrymen. Bolivar went down to the Orinoco at day-break, and crossed over to the Barcelona side, where he joined a division of the army under the command of General Monagas. He never instigated any inquiry, nor took any further notice of this conspiracy; probably thinking it most prudent to avoid making such a circumstance, as his unpopularity among the Guayaneas, generally known."

Snakes.—"In this part of the Orinoco we repeatedly saw water-snakes swimming from one island to another; and in some instances they passed over the boats, to the great alarm of the passengers, but without attempting to do any mischief. They are of a light green colour, six or eight feet long, and swim with about a third of their body raised out of the water; propelling themselves rapidly along by the undulating motion of their tail. We were informed by the boatmen, that their prey consisted chiefly of water-rats and young birds. The patrons of the launches always endeavour to avoid sailing under the trees that overhang the river, lest the mast might detach some of the snakes from the branches. We frequently saw numbers of them, exhibiting the most brilliant colours, while basking in the sun on the trees."

Singular Ornament among the Indians.—"Their females have a singular method of ornamenting themselves. They bore a hole through the under lip, as low down towards the chin as possible, and stick several long thorns in the aperture, with the points projecting outwards. Observing that several of the tribe had decorated their lips with common pins, I gave one of the squaws a few that I happened to have in my possession. She immediately called to her a girl of about twelve years old, (apparently her daughter,) who had not as yet been distinguished by this ornament; pierced her lip, with equal indifference and dexterity, with a sharp instrument made of an alligator's tooth, and placed the pins in the orifice. The poor girl bore this operation with great patience; and appeared to be perfectly consoled by the possession of her newly acquired ornament, for the pain is must have given her."

The Musician.—"A circumstance happened during the action, that gave Bolivar one of the few hearty laughs we ever saw him indulge in. A tall stout Scots officer, by name P. Grant, who found it very dull to keep in close attendance on Bolivar, strayed into the wood, near the city, to reconnoitre on his own account. Here he saw a Spanish soldier in hasty retreat towards the gates, leading a loaded mule; and instantly gave chase to him. The affrighted royalist threw himself on his knees, and begged for quarter, pleading that

he was a musician; he also, observing that he was not understood, produced a clarinet from his pocket, and gave proof of his abilities, to his captor's satisfaction. Grant knew that such a prize would be most acceptable to Bolívar; but he could not think of losing the mule, which he had ascertained to be loaded with skins of *aquardiente*, and which had trotted off during the parley between its late and present master. He therefore tied the trembling musician to a tree; directing him, with bitter threats, not to cease playing until he returned, that he might be sure his hands were not employed in untying his bonds; and, having overtaken the mule, brought both his prizes in triumph to our side of the field."

Cruelty of Morillo.—"Bolívar, it must be observed, had long been anxious to put an end to the system of cold-blooded slaughter, introduced by the Spaniards under the name of *guerra á la muerte*, and continued for so many years by both parties, under the plea of retaliation. It is unnecessary,—perhaps impossible,—to ascertain whether he was actuated by humanity, or by a wish to remove from his cause a stigma which he was well aware degraded it in the eyes of the English, from whom he had every thing to hope, either as active friends, or influential mediators. One thing is certain, that he had made incessant endeavours to induce Morillo to consent to a *cangé*, or exchange of prisoners; but the haughty Spaniard invariably rejected his overtures as insults; and spurned all attempts at intercourse, on this and every other subject, as if it would have been contamination in a royalist to treat with an insurgent. He fired at all flags of truce. Priests, nay, even women, were shot, if they were made bearers of the white banner. Still Bolívar, though justly incensed, did not give up the cause of humanity. He sent the Spanish general, from this very city of Calabozo, twelve royalist officers and twenty of their soldiers, whom the patriots had just taken, with a letter requesting him, for the last time, to consent to an exchange, in the name of the civilised part of the world to which he belonged. How this appeal was answered, will scarcely be credited. On the evening of the 15th, when we were within a league of Rastro, whither Morillo had retreated, the advanced guard suddenly halted. On Bolívar's riding to the front, to ascertain the cause of their delay, he saw the sad spectacle of twelve officers and twenty soldiers, patriot prisoners, lying ranged in order across the road we had to pass, all cruelly butchered by their merciless captors. Such conduct requires no comment. It is surely a full extenuation of all Bolívar's alleged severity towards his prisoners. His own troops would now have torn him in pieces, had he not consented to retaliate to the utmost extent of his power. He dictated, in the presence of the assembled captains of companies, a peremptory order to Sherwood for the immediate execution of every prisoner in the city we had just left; and ordered a halt, on the spot where we found the bodies, until a report was brought him by his aide-de-camp, young Tovar, that he had been punctually obeyed."

Description of Bolívar.—"I shall confine myself to observing that he was then about thirty-five, but looked upwards of forty; in stature short—perhaps five feet five or six—but well proportioned and remarkably active. His countenance, even then, was thin, and evidently care-worn, with an expression of patient endurance under adversity, which he has before and since given ample evidence of pos-

sing, however his fiery temper may at times have appeared to contradict the supposition. His manners not only appeared elegant, surrounded as he was by men far his inferiors in birth and education, but must have been intrinsically so; for he had the fortune, when a young man at Madrid, and at a time when the prejudices against the Crioles of the turbulent colonies were powerful in Spain, to captivate the affections, and receive the hand of a daughter of the Marquess de Uztaron. The dress which was worn by him and his suite corresponded perfectly with the scanty resources of the patriot army. His helmet was such as was then usually worn by a private light dragoon. It had been sent him as a pattern, by a merchant of Trinidad, who had imported on speculation from London some yeomanry accoutrements, which had been sold off on the commencement of the peace. A plain round jacket of blue cloth, with red cuffs, and three rows of gilt sugar-loaf buttons; coarse blue trousers; and *alpargates*, or sandals (the soles of which are made of the fibres of the aloe plaited), completed his dress. He carried in his hand a light lance, with a small black banner, having embroidered on it a white skull and crossed bones, with the motto, '*Muerte ó Libertad!*'"

Description of his Officers.—"The native officers, by whom he was surrounded, were chiefly men of colour, of lighter or darker shades; except the two generals, Paëz and Urdaneta, who are white. Few of them had any jackets. Their usual dress consisted of a shirt, made of handkerchief-pieces of different colours, and generally of checked patterns, very ample in size, and with wide sleeves, worn outside large white drawers, which reached below the knee; and a hat made of *cogollo*, or split palm leaves, with plumes of variegated feathers. They were almost all barefoot; but every one wore large silver or brass spurs, with rowels of at least four inches in diameter, and some of even more extravagant dimensions. They generally wore, under these hats, coloured silk or cotton handkerchiefs, for the purpose of shading their faces from the sun; although, to all appearance, their spreading *sombreros* might have afforded sufficient shelter for such dark complexions. We afterwards found, however, that dark as they all were (and several were even quite black), they could not endure the severe heat as well as most of the English. One of Paëz's favourite cavalry officers, Colonel Juan Gomez, had a helmet given him by that general, the casque of which was of beaten gold, the work of some rude country artist. Another, who commanded his body guard, Colonel Jose Carbajal, wore a silver helmet; and many officers and distinguished soldiers had silver scabbards to their sabres, besides silver stirrups, and weighty ornaments of the same metal on their bridles."

Escape after a Defeat.—"I followed, of course, as long as I could; but was soon sensible of the impossibility of escaping in a hilly country, encumbered as I was with boots and a sabre, and fatigued with the day's exertions; to say nothing of our having been, for the last two days, rapidly retreating by forced marches, without any provisions being served out. I therefore threw myself, exhausted, into a bush, where I lay expecting every moment to be bayoneted by the pursuers. Finding, however, that several had passed without observing me, I began to entertain some hopes of being able to rejoin our army, and crept farther into the underwood, to the brink of a rock, from whence the whole field could plainly be seen beneath me. It was thickly spotted over with

bodies, especially in the defile leading to Los Morros, where men and horses were lying in heaps. Our army had totally disappeared, except a few stragglers, who were still entangled in the broken ground, and whom the enemy had surrounded, and was firing at, not choosing to encumber themselves with prisoners. A Spanish general, whom I believed to be Morillo, and his staff, were halted on a small eminence, which the patriot army had previously occupied. A few prisoners, apparently officers, were occasionally brought to him, and, after a short pause, while by his gestures he appeared to interrogate and threaten them, were taken aside and shot. Night soon approached; and it was evident, by the number of fires, that the greater part of the Spanish army had encamped on the field. Towards midnight, I left my place of concealment, and reached the small river, which had been the scene of the hottest part of the recent conflict. The banks were strewn with bodies, many of which were lying in the shallow stream; and the vultures and wild dogs had already commenced their banquet. I had but little leisure, however, to look about me. Having drank heartily of the brook, I proceeded cautiously up the bed of the river, being concealed by the bushes on the banks, and secure of not being met by any patrols in that direction. By day-break I had advanced pretty high up the valley; and, hearing the crowing of cocks, ventured, at all hazards, to approach a cottage, which I saw not far off, surrounded by sugar-cane patches and plantain groves. The inhabitants, a venerable old Indian, with his wife and four daughters, came out to receive me with great formality; supposing from my colour and dress that I was a Spaniard. They soon found, from my imperfect manner of speaking the language, that they were mistaken; and readily comprehending that I was one of the English, who they had heard were with Bolívar, assured me that I was in no danger of being betrayed by them, for they also were patriots, as, indeed, most of the Indians in that part of the country were. The old man explained to me, in a few words, the danger there was of my being discovered in the cottage, by stragglers from the Spanish camp, who would, in all probability, come up the valley in search of plantains and other fruit, and to plunder what they could. He therefore sent one of his daughters to shew me a place of concealment, in a thick copse behind the sugar-cane patch. She spread for me here a mat of rushes to rest on; and after bringing water for my feet, set before me a wooden tray, with a substantial breakfast of broiled fowl, eggs, and roast plantains, besides various fruits. In the evening, one of the youngest children brought me a supply of provisions in a basket, and told me that several Spanish soldiers had come up to the cottage, and were waiting there, while her mother was making them *arepas*. I remained in this place of concealment for a few days, visited but rarely by the old man, who was fearful of being watched, and detected in concealing an officer of the insurgent army, which would have cost him his life; but I was constantly supplied with provisions by the daughters, whose occasional absence would not be so much remarked. I felt uneasy, however, at exposing this kind family to danger; besides being in constant expectation of discovery, by means of the numerous parties of soldiers, whom I could see from my retreat, during the day, traversing the plantations in search of fugitives from the late action, several of whom they had already found in the neighbourhood, and shot. I therefore deter-

mined on removing into the forest above the valley, and endeavouring to find some companion in distress, with whom I might seek my way to Bolívar's camp. My worthy host endeavoured to dissuade me from this resolution, assuring me that he did not apprehend any danger of discovery. Finding me, however, decided on not endangering them any longer, he and his family bid me farewell, with many embraces and kind wishes. They furnished me with a basket, containing roast plantains and dried meat. The old man gave me a parting a flint and steel, with a cane containing *yaca* (a kind of tinder made of dried fungus) and an Indian *churumbilla*, with tobacco, which I found of real value in the damp woods, where I lay concealed for some time afterwards. The trees in these mountain forests are chiefly the *caoba*, or mahogany, which grows to a majestic size, and affords a delightful shade. There are, besides, many different kinds of wild fruit-trees, which are resorted to by the *aragato* monkey. Panthers inhabit these wilds; but, although I often heard their yells, they never approached near enough to give me any serious apprehensions. When my provisions were expended, I was in the habit of going down, cautiously, to the outskirts of the plantations after dusk, and cutting sugar-cane: this is well known to be nutritious enough to support life for a long time without any other food. I ventured occasionally near enough to cottages where I could hear no watch-dogs, to forage ripe plantains; and was, in one instance, fortunate enough to find some *tusajo* hanging on bamboo poles. This lucky windfall I transferred to my basket haversack, without much scruple. I found it difficult to guard against the depredations of the monkeys, which frequently robbed me of my provisions if I lost sight of them for a moment. The mountains here abound with snakes and centipedes, which I used often to discover under the dry leaves that composed my bed. The former were, however, perfectly harmless, when not molested, although it was necessary to use caution on rising, to avoid touching them, as that would, of course, have provoked them to bite. The woods at night were brilliantly illuminated by the *culeus*, or lantern flies, which, sitting in myriads from tree to tree, resemble sparks of fire. This insect is a small dark-coloured beetle, similar to that which is found under rotten wood in England. It carries its greenish phosphoric light in the tail; and its lantern remains invisible except when it is flying, as it is covered by the wing-cases when in a state of rest. I soon began to find this solitary way of life too irksome to endure with any degree of patience. I even entertained serious thoughts of surrendering myself to the Spaniards, at all hazards, rather than lead the life of an outlaw any longer among these wild mountains, when I unexpectedly met with a comrade, who soon dissuaded me from this intention, and was eventually the means of enabling me to escape in safety to Bolívar's army. One night, as I was cutting a supply of sugar-cane, as usual, I saw, by the moonlight, a native close to me, busily engaged in the same occupation. We were at first rather cautious of approaching each other; but as he soon discovered me to be an Englishman, he informed me that he was an alferre, belonging to Zaraza's cavalry, and had taken refuge in the woods, after the defeat of La Puerta; adding, that he also was foraging for his support. We were both rejoiced at this accidental meeting, and agreed to continue together, for mutual assistance. This event was

particularly fortunate for me, as my new companion, whose name was Bicente Artadna, knew the country well, and was a stout active young Criole, whose assistance in procuring provisions, and afterwards in crossing rivers, I found extremely serviceable. The days now passed much more agreeably than in my former solitude; for Bicente knew several places of security in the mountains."

With his comrade's assistance, he succeeds in joining Bolívar's army: but we must defer our further illustrations of this very interesting work till another *Gazette* appears to enlighten the world.

Epistles to a Friend in Town; and other Poems.
By Chandos Leigh, Esq. 12mo. pp. 328.
New edition, with Additions. London, 1831.
Colburn and Bentley.

WE are glad to see Mr. Leigh again in print, and to find that, as on former occasions, he adds to every fresh edition of his poems some new verses. Mr. Leigh is almost the only one of modern poets whose muse concerns itself with the actual things which lie in our daily path. Instead of plunging into the clouds of mysticism, or indulging in affected sentiment, our author looks about him in his own sphere; and seeing many elements in the society by which he is surrounded which deserve to be noticed either in applause or condemnation, he embodies his opinions in the "Epistles to a Friend," from the last of which we make a few extracts.

The following evidently points at the late Mr. Shelley, and at the manner in which that gentleman abused the intellectual gifts bestowed on him by nature.

"Mystical poetry with wondrous art,
Envelopes itself around the enthusiast's heart.
Alas! he gathers images remote
From human use, as stimulants to thought;
With projects wild his brain distemper'd teems—
His word appears impalpable as dreams;
Vague phantasms take the place of living forms,
And torturing fables, a never-mending sore,
How can a soul which matter clogs, discern
Abstraction's shadowy tribe? their nature learn?
Awhile they rush before our mental sight
Enlarged, then far recede, and all is night!
Imagination is to mortals given;
That they might sometimes catch a glimpse of heaven;
But not to be an evasive guide, and stride
With all the sober principles of life:
To cheat us, as a Prospero with his wand
Creates and then dissolves a fairy band."

The following allusion to Almack's, and to the jealousy subsisting between Lady J—— and the Duchess of —, is depicted with a good-humoured piquancy.

"Beauty attracts us with her smiles, and Love
Is a most busy god while idlers move,
Thronging those gardens gay, of which the flowers
Transcend the choicest that adorn our bowers;
There glow, in summer's lighter garb array'd,
The loveliest forms that ever mind made;
The rosy bloom of youth is on their cheeks:
In their sweet looks mind eloquently speaks:
(Yet taste laments that Tullia's shape is gone;
Among her fair companions she brightly shone.)
Eyes that with tears were fill'd but yesternight
For a lost Almack's, sparkle with delight.
Metella, fashion's most prevailing star,
Brilliant as Venus rising in her car;
Metella (scorn sits lovely on her lips)
Frowns, can another's radiance hers eclipse?
A jealous rival, not in loveless
Dares to surpass her, but in wealth's excess.
Shall, then, the day-god's flower, that haunting shows
Its yellow hue, raise envy in the rose?
Oh, no! Metella's splendour far outshines
Her rival's grandeur, were she queen of mines.
Taste, birth's obedient fairy, waves her wand
Through her saloon; gold cannot taste command."

And here are a few little rapid sketches, which will be easily recognised as portraits:—

"Lucillus, burden'd with superfluous coin,
Pants the kind shakers in his wealth to join,
Where Crookfoot's palace glares upon his eyes,
As a proud harlot sense of shame defies.

How true the proverb, 'Gobwasa that enfold
The less, on greater reptiles loose their hold.'
Wondering that men can thus their money lose,
Sons of verve, a better part you choose.
Some book, it matters not in prose or rhyme,
You buy—we'll call it 'Pleasure's rare Pass-cyme';
Or drag some dusty picture to the day—
Cheap, if you have five hundred pounds to pay:
The picture, you remove the sacred dust,
Had better in its former station rust;
The book, how vast your agony of grief!
More precious than the sibyl's, wants a leaf!
Tullius, whose well-stored library's a hive
Of sweets the varied flowers of genius give,
Is but a drone: from book to book he flies;
Tastes all, contributes nothing—useless dies.
Where, to support the poor, bazaar are graced
With high-born dames behind the counter placed,
Fair Seraphina studiously displays
Her pretty wares for charity or praise.
Works finish'd by her lovely hands attract
Attention: here a novel, there a tract:
These works her varied inclinations point:
The fair, as fashion wills, is blue, or saint!"

We must conclude with the following little song, characterised by a most touching repose and simplicity, like some of the ancient Greek inscriptions.

"A Sea Fleec.
A sun-impurpled glow
Is on the waveless sea,
And not a breeze doth blow,
And not a sail I see.
Like heaven's own pavement bright
Is now the placid deep,
On which the farewell light
Of sunset loves to sleep.
Thus beautiful in death
Is youth's departing dusk,
And lovely is the wreath
Where latest roses blush."

The Van Diemen's Land Anniversary and Hobart-Town Almanack for the Year 1831.

J. Ross.
HERE is Thirty-one three parts done, and we have just received from Mr. Ross his Almanack, calculated for the meridian of Hobart Town. Well, it is a comfort, when tired of the literature of this side of the world, to go to the other; though an Almanack, after all, is but a meagre production for a reviewer to recreate upon. Yet it does amuse one to read, for example, that last Saturday the sun entered Libra about half-past five, A. M., being the vernal equinox; and that instead of, "pleasant shooting begins," as with us, to mark the day for memory, it is "Exped. against the Blacks began 1830;" and that this day three weeks you are advised "to plant cabbages, &c." Perhaps, however, the preface is the most novel in furnishing information. Bespeaking favour for his work, the author says:

"When it is considered, that the manuscript has been written, set up in type, imposed and printed, the plates engraved or etched and worked off, and the whole bound together, not only under one roof, but within the confines of the same garret, we think the palm of Grub-street toil will, in these days of intellect, be yielded to the antipodes. The London hack has merely to satisfy the demands of his bookseller; but the Hobart Town editor, printer, and proprietor, (a pluralist in every sense of the word), has not only to regulate the whole machinery, but to be set himself in motion by the very engine to which he has first given the impetus. He must not only keep his compositors and pressmen at work, but must prepare the copy to their hands. Like the convict on the tread-wheel, he impels and is impelled at the same time."

Every country has its similes and comparisons. How natural is the last! Our worthy editor, nevertheless, is by no means, generally speaking, like the convict on the tread-mill, but, on the contrary, a very industrious, persevering, honest, and pains-taking editor, who, amid a hundred difficulties, has produced a very

reputable pocket volume; and, moreover, promises new type, better paper, and further exertion, in time to come; just as we do ourselves in the periodical way in England.

We will do him the justice to quote a passage or two relative to this distant land.

"The diseases to which children are liable in Van Diemen's Land are neither so many, nor, generally speaking, so severe, as in England. Hooping cough was introduced into the island from 'bites of the female prison ships, about three years ago; but though it spread itself nearly throughout the whole population, it invariably appeared in a mild form, and we do not know that it was attended by a single death. Adults, indeed, and aged persons, who had not been affected with it in early life, felt it more severely. Small-pox and measles are, fortunately, as yet unknown amongst us. Against this favourable estimate of life, arising from the climate and circumstances of the colony, we are compelled reluctantly to set a dreadful make-weight in the other scale. We mean the lamentable waste of life by intoxication. The quantity of spirits, and other strong drink consumed annually in the colony, may, on a moderate computation, be taken at not less than 100,000 gallons; which, according to the population, allows the enormous quantity of about five gallons to each individual, young and old, male and female, in the island. So astounding a fact shews, at a glance, the horrid state into which some of the community must be immersed. Dreadful as it is, however, we are happy to bear testimony to its decrease, compared with former periods. A very large portion of those who first put their foot upon the shores of the Derwent, even belonging to what should be the more respectable and exemplary class of society, were confirmed drunkards, and died in the prime of life. To their ruinous example may fairly be attributed much of the dissipated habits that have so long afflicted the colony."

Again:

"The duty of a clergyman in Hobart Town is, indeed, most arduous. He is placed, as it were, in the very gorges of sin, in the midst of the general receptacle for the worst characters in the world, and of necessity compelled to take the 'bull by the horns,' to grapple at the very gates of hell, if he would rescue a soul from the headlong ruin to which he is hurrying. The duty of a pastor in all parts of the world is the highest and most important that man can undertake; but in these penal colonies it is extreme. He has here to struggle with the enemy in close combat, face to face and foot to foot; and to brace himself up to the utmost point of exertion. If one mode of exhortation does not succeed, he must try another, and his mind must be continually on the rack to discover the best means of accomplishing some part at least of the great work before him. Above all, he must inculcate the great lesson of example; and though his own labours are, necessarily, in a great measure, of such a retired and studious nature as to seclude him from much personal intercourse with his flock, yet his zeal and industry will readily shew themselves by the character and success of his works in the pulpit, and at other times and places, when the influence of his presence comes before the people. The great work of reformation must begin with him. It must not be said in a place like this, that vice has never prevailed in the world, and will continue to have its sway, and thus supinely to yield to what we would persuade ourselves can never be removed."

Then, with regard to "the spread of knowledge," if the clergyman "take the bull by the horns," there is an enlightened press, &c. &c. to do the rest.

"It" (says the writer,) "in the field of religion, where, from the multitude of weeds the labour must be proportionably great, there has yet been but little comparative success, it must still give pleasure to every friend of the colony to see the progress that her handmaid, the press, has already made; and nothing can indicate more strongly the improving character of the people than the great encouragement it has met with. In this respect these colonies are indeed triumphant; not even the overflows of the great American press being able at all to compete with the extent of our literary taste. In Van Diemen's land we have at this day no less than four printing establishments, namely three in Hobart Town, and one at Launceston, from each of which is produced a regular weekly periodical journal, neither of which, in point of size, would have disgraced a London newspaper-office twenty years ago."

In conclusion, the whole property in the island is estimated at 2,289,845*l.*, of which 300,000*l.* is commercial property, 40,000*l.* metallic currency, 23,000 shipping, the rest lands, houses, &c. The population is 21,125, among whom are—

House of Correction, males.....	761
Do, females.....	345
Do, George Town, do.....	19
Duke of York Hulk, males.....	79
Chain gangs at various places.....	103

A rather large proportion, it must be confessed. There are also 300 military, and 400 aborigines.

The Aldine Edition of the British Poets, Vol. XVI. The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith. 12mo. pp. 338. London, 1831.

Pickering.
An eminent author of the present day says most truly: "No man's exact reputation is allotted him by his contemporaries." Goldsmith is a striking illustration of this remark. Boswell's wig would have started from his head, had any audacious prophet foretold that Goldsmith's future fame would approximate closely to that of Johnson; and yet surely no one would now deny that position to the writer of one of our best and still acted comedies, one of our most delightful novels, some of the most beautiful poetry in our language, and essays whose acute and happy style of remark is almost imitable. True it is that a man of great genius is either unappreciated by his associates, or they form a coterie around him, and exaggerate that excellence which by one of those subtle processes so common to human vanity, they have conformed with their own. "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle," is a flattering belief, held by more persons than M. Constant, Napoleon's valet, who thought that the emperor's glorious presence must reflect some of its glory upon him. The volume before us contains an interesting and pleasantly written memoir of Goldsmith, his poems entire, and some editorial crusts, in the shape of "poems never before collected," and, as usual, not worth collecting. It is curious to observe how very wretched were nearly all the shorter poems of that period. We extract a letter of Goldsmith's, charming both in style and feeling, and interesting also in its details about himself.

"To Daniel Holson, Esq., at Lishoy, near Ballymahon, Ireland.

Dear Sir,—It may be four years since my last

letters went to Ireland, and from you in particular I received no answer, probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist me, not only among my friends and relations, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance in being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution. How much am I obliged to you, to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtues have the proper name?) for such charity to me at that juncture. Sure I am born to ill fortune to be so much a debtor, and unable to repay. But to say no more of this; too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favours. Let me only add, that my not receiving that supply was the cause of my present establishment in London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends' recommendations, money, or impudence, and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many, in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's end, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other. I suppose you desire to know my present situation: as there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the muses than poverty; but it were well for us if they only left us at the door—the mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainments; and I want, instead of being gentlemanly valet, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to deceive my friends; but whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor, or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour; nay, my very cotnary comes in, for a share of my affection—unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du pays*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place, who never received, when in it, above common civility; who never brought any thing out of it, except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him "uncouthful of his wife and bonnie Inverary." But now, to be serious, let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? No. There are good company in Ireland? No; the conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toset, or a bawdy song: the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then, perhaps, there is more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh Lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Poedroon mair there in one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the time of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all. Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few men, who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I

feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's last good night from Peggy Golden. If I climb Flanstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the Little Mount before Lishoy gate, and then take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature. Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severe studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean; but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that you and Mrs. Hodson sometimes sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she, and Lishoy, and Bullymahony, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex; though upon second thoughts this might be attended with a few inconveniences. Therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why, Mahomet shall go to the mountain; or, to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland; but first, believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure, nor to levy contributions; neither to excite envy, nor to solicit favour. In fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance. You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself, but attribute my vanity to my affection; as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self. I imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism. I am, dear Dan, your affectionate kinsman, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

There is also a very pleasant letter while at Leyden; in which he abuses Holland unmercifully. By the way, it would be curious to ascertain the cause of Goldsmith's extreme dislike to the Dutch—for a cause, of course it had.

Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.

[Second notice.]

HAVING spoken of this as an original work, and as such, it will no doubt be expected of us, in these days of paste-and-scissors abridgments, and the compression of knowledge into the smallest possible compass, that we should devote at least a second paper to its review. Well does it deserve the tribute; and we proceed to pay it like a debt of honour.

Upon one of our greatest English poets, there is a note which does credit to the author's taste. Mr. Prior, the able biographer of Burke, is engaged on a Life of Goldsmith, and, as friends of literature, we would invite the possession of information respecting him to this fact.—Ed. T. G.

antiquarian research, and is very new and interesting.

"On the 12th of Aug. 1580, Arthur, Lord Grey, accompanied by Edmund Spenser, as his secretary, arrived in Dublin, and on the 7th of September following was sworn lord deputy of Ireland. On the 22d of March following, Spenser was appointed clerk of the decrees and recognisances of chancery, and his patent was given 'free from the seal, in respect he is secretary to the Right Hon. the Lord D.' In this department he was succeeded on the 22d of June, 1588, by Arland Usher, kinsman of the celebrated archbishop of that name, and Spenser was appointed clerk of the council of Munster, an office afterwards filled by Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. On the plantation of that province, Queen Elizabeth, by letters patent, dated 26th of October 1591, granted him the manor and castle of Killycolman, with other lands, containing 3028 acres, in the barony of Fermoy, county Cork, also chief rents 'forfeited by the late lord of Thetmore, and the late traitor, Sir John de Desmond.' Here on the banks of the Awbeg, the poet's 'Gentle Mulla,' was written the Faery Queen. But Spenser was not so devoted to the muses, as to neglect his newly-acquired possessions; on the contrary, he stands charged with having unjustly attempted to add to them. His encroachments on the Mac Carthys are well known; but he did not confine himself to these alone. In 1593, Maurice, Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, petitioned the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, stating, 'whereas one Edmund Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your supplicant, for three plow lands, parcel of Shanballymore, (your supplicant's inheritance,) before the vice-president and council of Munster, which land hath bene heretofore decreed for your supplicant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed; and nevertheless for that the said Spenser being clerk of the council in the said province, and did assyue his office unto one Nicholas Curteys, among other agreements, with covenant that during his life, he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doeth multiply suits against your supplicant, in the said province, upon pretended title of others.'—At the same time, Lord Roche presented another petition against Joan Ny Callaghan, whom he states to be his opponent, 'by supportation and maintenance of Edmund Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your supplicant.'—He again exhibited another plaint, 'that Edmund Spenser, of Killycolman, gentleman, hath entered into three plough land, parcel of Ballingerath, and disseised your supplicant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said lande, and converteth a great deale of corne growinge thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling. Whereunto the said Edmund Spenser appearance in person had several dayes prefixed unto him preceptorilie to answer, which he neglected to do; therefore after a daye of grace given, on 12th of February 1594, Lord Roche was decreed his possession. When Spenser—the poetic, the gentle Spenser—was guilty of these oppressive and unjust proceedings, the reader may easily guess at the conduct of his more ignorant and brutal fellow-planters, by whom the country was converted into a desert. For these, and other aggressions on the unfortunate natives, the poet soon afterwards felt the full weight of their vengeance.

Ben Jonson informed Drummond of Hawthornden, that Spenser's house was burned, and a little child of his consumed in the flames; that he and his wife narrowly escaped, and that he afterwards died in King Street, Dublin, in absolute want of bread. His name is still remembered in the vicinity of Killycolman, but the people entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his memory. That Spenser died in London has been asserted by some of his biographers; but Ben Jonson's information seems corroborated by a record lately found in the Rolls office, Dublin. He left two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. In 1603, the former petitioned the Chancellor of Ireland, stating, 'where your petitioner's father Edmund Spenser was seised in his demesne, as of fee, of Killycolman and divers other lands and tenements in the county of Corke, which descended to your petitioner by the death of his said father—so it is right honorable, the evidences of the said inheritance did after the decease of petitioner's father cum to the hands of Roger Seckerstone, and petitioner's mother, which they unjustly detaineth, which evidences for as much as your petitioner can have no action at comon lawe, he not knowing their dates and certainty, he is dryven to sue in consideration before your honourable lordship, and avereth that the said Roger Seckerstone, his mother's now husband, unjustly detaineth the said evidences, to your petitioner's damage, of one hundred pounds, wherein he prays remedy.' Sylvanus had two sons, Edmund and William. On 18th of February, 1638, Charles I. by letters patent, confirmatory, granted to Edmund the manor, castle, &c. of Killycolman, and other lands in the barony of Fermoy. William survived his brother. The following letter, dated White-hall, 27th of March, 1657, appears in the Irish privy-council book, A. 28, p. 118. preserved in Dublin Castle:—'To our right trustie and right well-beloved our council in Ireland. A petition hath bene exhibited unto us by William Spenser, setting forth that being but seven years old, at the beginning of the rebellion in Ireland, he repaired with his mother (his father being then dead) to the city of Corke, and during the rebellion continued in the English quarters. That he never bore armes or acted against ye comon wealth of England: That his grandfather Edmund Spenser and his father were both protestants, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Corke, descended on him; which during ye rebellion yielded him little or nothing towards his reliefe. That ye said estate hath bene lately given out to the soldiers in satisfaction of their arrears onely upon the account of his professing the popish religion; which since his coming to years of discretion hee hath, as hee professes, utterly renounced. That his grandfather was that Spenser, who by his writings touching ye reduction of ye Irish to civillie, brought on him the odium of that nation, and for those workes and his other good services, Queen Elizabeth conferred on him ye estate which ye said William Spenser now claims. Wee have also been informed that ye gentleman is of civill conversation, and that ye extreme his wants have brought him to, have not prevailed over him to put him upon indirect or evill practices for a livelihood. And if upon enquiry you shall finde his case to be such, wee judge it just and reasonable, and doe therefore desire and authorize you that hee be forthwith restored to his estate, and that reprisall lands be given to ye soldiers elsewhere; in ye doing whereof our satisfaction will be greater by ye continu-

account of that estate to ye value of his grandfather, for whose eminent deserts and services to ye commonwealth that estate was first given him. We rest your loving friend, OLIVER, P.' This letter, so creditable to Cromwell, proved highly serviceable to the object of his consideration. Though Kilcolman and the other lands were passed under the act of settlement to Lord Kingston, Sir Peter Courthope, Robert Foulke, and other adventurers, yet they were afterwards restored to William Spenser, and he had moreover a grant, dated 31st of July, 1678, of Caltrahard, and other lands in the county of Galway, and Ballynasloe, Tullrush, and others in county Roscommon, containing nearly two thousand acres. This William, by his wife Barbara, left a son Nathaniel. The poet's second son Peregrine died in 1641, seized of the lands of Rinney, near Kilcolman. Hugolin his eldest son and heir succeeded to those lands. Being a Roman catholic, he attached himself to the cause of James II. and was outlawed. By letters patent, dated 14th of June, 1697, the forfeited estate of Hugolin Spenser, in Rinney, three hundred and thirty-two acres, &c. were granted to Nathaniel, son of William Spenser, Esq. the next protestant heir of said Hugolin. On 24th of November following, William and Nathaniel Spenser, for 2,100*l.*, mortgaged all their estates in Cork, Galway, and Roscommon, to Robert Peppard. On 26th of February, 1716, they sold the lands of Ballynasloe, with the fairs and markets there, to Frederick Trench, ancestor of the present Earl of Clancarty. These fairs afterwards became the most noted in the British empire. On 14th of October, 1718, Nathaniel Spenser made his will, (proved in 1734, in the court of Prerogative, Dublin,) wherein he names Edmund his eldest, Nathaniel his second, and John his third son: he devises to Barbara his daughter a remainder in his estate, her husband taking the name of Spenser. He also names his sister Susannah, and his wife Rosamond. Soon after this the rest of the property passed away from the poet's name and family. The latter has long since become extinct, but his name will last as long as the language in which he has left such an imperishable monument of his genius."

The chief portion of the second volume is assigned to Jacobite Relics, some of which are pleasant enough; but there is nothing so striking as to demand quotation. In the notes we find, among other things, the following bitter epigram against the English:—

"May banishment and desolation light on him, may the plague and pains without remedy seize his veins and bones;
Who would wish well to the English race—
They who exiled the offspring of Ir and Heremon."

Being on epigrams, we quote another:—

"Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects," cried George II., when he heard of the bravery of the Irish Catholic exiles at Fontenoy. This, and a few other indications of humane feeling in that monarch for the political degradation of the Catholics of Ireland, induced one of their bards to attempt his praise in English, as follows:—

"Súadh mo chroídhie my own King George;
I'll toss off his health in a bumper at large:
By the cross of St. Patrick, he's so very civil,
That the French and the Spaniards may go to the Devil."

However ludicrous this Irish attempt at English versification may appear, yet the sentiment which it endeavours to convey is one that deserves the serious attention of our rulers."

A note on the prophecy of Donn Firinneach is also curious.

"Donn has already been introduced to the

reader. Here he again appears in the character of a prophet, with the title of Firinneach, or the truth-teller, annexed to his name; but if his claim to that character may be judged of from the result of his predictions in the present ode, it rests on very slender foundations. Not one of them has been fulfilled, although it must be confessed that they have been conceived in a lofty and poetic strain, and delivered with a tone and decision not unworthy of one inspired. Of a far different nature was the following prophecy of Breacan, one of our ancient saints, a venerable body of men, whom in this age of philosophy and refinement it is unfashionable to mention, except to deride their virtue and piety, under the names of weakness and superstition. This prediction has been fulfilled in every point, centuries after it was delivered.

Erin's white-crowned hillow shall sleep on the shore,
And its voice shall be mute, while the spoilers glide o'er;
And the stranger shall give a new priest to each shrine,
And the sceptre shall wrest from her own regal line."

Our next selection shall be three verses of "Patrick Healy's Wishes" (translated by John Dalton), for the oddness of some of the rhymes.

"Oh! could I acquire my fullest desire,
To mould my own life, were it given;
I would be like the sage, who in happy old age,
Disowns every link—but with heaven.
An acre or two, as my wants would be few,
Could supply quite enough for my welfare;
In that scope I would stem my power supreme,
And acknowledge no king but myself there.
The soil of this spot, the best to be got,
Should furnish me fruit, and a choice store;
Be sheltered and warm from rain and from storm,
And favoured with sunshine and moisture."

After this it falls off a little; and we leave it for one of Furlong's best examples, which we quote entire.

"The Mourner's Soliloquy in the Ruined Abbey of Timoleague."

Abroad one night in loneliness I strolled,
Along the wave-worn beach my footpath lay:
Struggling the while with sorrows yet untold,
Yielding to cares that wore my strength away:
On as I moved, my wayward musings ran
O'er the strange turns that mark the fleeting life of man.
The little stars shone sweetly in the sky:
Not one faint murmur rose from sea or shore;
The wind with silent wing went slowly by.
As though some secret on its path it bore:
All, all was calm—tree, flower, and shrub, stood still,
And the soft moonlight slept on valley and on hill.
Sadly and slowly on my path of pain
I wandered, idly brooding o'er my woes:
Till full before me on the far-stretch'd plain,
The ruin'd abbey's mouldering walls arose:
Where far from crowds, from courts and courtly crimes,
The sons of virtue dwelt, the hosts of better times.
I paused—I stood beneath the lofty door,
Where once the friendless and the poor were fed;
That hallow'd entrance, that in days of yore
Still open'd wide to shield the wanderer's head:
The saint, the pilgrim, and the book-learn'd sage,
The knight, the travelling one, and the worn man of age.

I sat me down in melancholy mood,
My furrow'd cheek was resting on my hand;
I gazed upon that scene of solitude,
The wreck of all that piety had plann'd:
To my aged eyes the tears unbidden came,
Tracing in that and spot our glory and our shame.

"And oh!" cried I, as from my breast the while,
The struggling sigh of soul-felt anguish broke:
"A time there was, when through this storm-touch'd pile,

In other tones the voice of echo spoke;
Here other sounds and sights were heard and seen—
How alter'd! is the place from what it once hath been!"

"Here in soft strains the solemn mass was sung—
Through these long aisles the brethren bent their way—
Here the deep bell its wonted warning rung,
To prompt the lukewarm loiterer one to pray—
Here the full choir sent forth its stream of sound,
And the raised censer flung rich fragrance far around."

How changed the scene! how lonely now appears
The wasted aisle, wide arch, and lofty wall;
The sculptured shape—the pride of other years,
Now darken'd, shaded, sunk and broken all;
The hall, the rain, the sea-borne gales have done
Their worst to crown the wreck by impious man begun.

Through the rent roof the aged ivy creeps—
Stretch'd on the floor the skulking fox is found—

The drowsy owl beneath the altar sleeps,
And the pert daw keeps chattering all around—
The hissing vipers lurk apart unseen,
And slimy reptiles crawl where holy heads have been.

In the refectory, now no food remains—
The dormitory boasts not of a bed—
Here rite or sacrifice no longer reigns;
Prior—brethren—prayers—and fasts and forms are fled!

Of each—all, here rests not now a trace,
Save in these time-bleach'd bones that whiten o'er the place.

Oh! that such power to hearken was decreed—
Oh! that mischance such triumphs should supply—
That righteous Heaven should let the vile succeed,
And leave the lonely virtuous one to die!

Oh, justice! in the struggle where wert thou?
Thy foes have left this scene changed as we see it now.

I too have changed—my days of joy are done,
My limbs grow weak, and dimness shades mine eye;
Friends, kindred, children, dropping one by one,
Beneath these walls now mouldering round me lie.

My look is sad, my heart has shrunk in grief,
Oh, death! when wilt thou come and end the wretch's relief?"

To relieve so long a poem, we shall now take a prose legendary story.

"In the year 1579 Fergus O'Kelly of Leix married the daughter of O'Byrne, of Glenmalur, in the county of Wicklow. The young lady remained at her father's until a suitable stone-wall house should be built by her husband for her reception, there being but few stone buildings at that time in the Queen's County. For this purpose O'Kelly set a number of his tenants to work. The building was commenced on a Monday morning in spring—it was completed the Saturday following; and the bride was soon after brought home with great rejoicings. This house was then called the week house, and its ruins are now known by the name of the old stone. It happened that on the following Michaelmas Eve, O'Kelly's lackey, Mac Leod, was from home. On his return, he found that none of the geese had been reserved for him. Of this he complained to his master, who desired him to settle the matter with the cook, or go to the yard and kill a goose for himself—but not to trouble him with such trifles. Mac Leod, disappointed and dissatisfied with this answer, departed, resolving to seek revenge. He immediately repaired to the Earl of Kildare's castle of Kilkenny, where he remained until Christmas Eve, and then told the earl that his master, O'Kelly, had sent to invite his lordship to spend the Christmas with him. The invitation was accepted, and the earl set out with a numerous retinue for O'Kelly's residence. When they came to the top of Tullyhill, near the house, Mac Leod gave three loud calls or signals, as was customary with lackeys in those times. His master hearing them, said, that wherever Mac Leod had been since Michaelmas, that was his voice, if he was alive. He soon after arrived, and announced the earl's coming, who was received with due honour and attention. His lordship about Twelfth Day began to prepare for his departure, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at his kind reception and the friendship of O'Kelly, whose hospitality, and particularly the profusion of his table, he highly praised. O'Kelly observed, that it should be more plentiful."

"This narrative is taken, with very little alteration in words, and none whatever in substance, from a manuscript lately found after the death of Garrett Byrne, a worthy old Múseian, who resided at Fallybeg, in the barony of Ballydamney, the scene of the principal transactions which it relates. The paper was indorsed—'A traditional, tho' certain, account of the transactions which happened in and about Logacurran and the rest of O'Kelly's ground in that neighbourhood, beginning in the 23d of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as told by boddered Catherine Mc James (who served seven years' apprenticeship in O'Kelly's house) to old Edmund Cowen, and by him to me; the rest by people who recollected it themselves, and I myself remember what happened from the year 1730 to this year 1760.'—GARRET BYRNE."

ful, had he been aware of his lordship's intention to visit him. The earl, surprised, asked if he had not sent to invite him. O'Kelly replied not—but that, notwithstanding, his lordship was welcome; and added, that as he had been pleased to remain until Twelfth Day on his lackey's invitation, he hoped he would honour him by remaining until Candlemas on his own. To this the earl assented; but requested that, as he had so many attendants, he might be at liberty to send occasionally to Kilkea for provisions. O'Kelly answered, that as soon as his lordship should find the supplies beginning to fail, he might do so—but not before. Accordingly, the fare increased, and the banquets became more sumptuous than ever. When Candlemas arrived, his lordship departed with many professions of gratitude, having particularly requested that he might have the honour of standing sponsor for O'Kelly's first child, in order more closely to cement the friendship that subsisted between them. Mrs. O'Kelly was soon after delivered of a son, and his lordship attended the christening, which was celebrated with great pomp and rejoicings. The house was filled with guests, and resounded with music and merriment; but the morning after the earl's arrival, the poor young lady and her infant were both found dead. This melancholy catastrophe was attributed to the boisterous revelry and noise with which they were surrounded. O'Kelly's joy was turned into sorrow; but even this was only a prelude to still greater misfortunes. Kildare remained for some time to console his friend, whom he invited to Kilkea until he should recover from the effects of his grief; offering him, at the same time, his sister in marriage, and proffering his service in any other way which might be most agreeable or acceptable. Unfortunately for O'Kelly, he accepted the invitation, and fell, an unsuspecting victim, into the snare which had been insidiously laid for him. A few days after his arrival at Kilkea, the earl took him to the top of the castle, under pretence of viewing the surrounding scenery; and with the assistance of some ruffians, whom he had placed there for the purpose, he cut off O'Kelly's head. This atrocious and treacherous murder was soon communicated to the queen, as a meritorious proof of Kildare's loyalty in beheading an Irish rebel; and her majesty was so well pleased, that she directed a grant to be forthwith passed to the earl, of all O'Kelly's estates. The earl being of English descent, an Irish bard applied the following verse to this perfidious transaction:—

With one of English race all friendship shun—
For if you don't you'll surely be undone;
He'll lie in wait to ruin thee when he can;
Such is the friendship of an English man."

Upon this the strongly prejudiced writer observes: "And such have been the aggressions which so long contributed to keep the people of these islands in a state of disunion and enmity. In former times, practices similar to that related were but too frequent in Ireland; and dreadful, though just, were the reprisals made by the natives on the English settlers." And here we have again to express our utter reprehension of Mr. Hardiman's poisoning with all the venom of the rankest political and religious party-feeling a work devoted to literature. Cannot there be one green spot in the Emerald Isle kept free from these eternal feuds and wordy and sanguinary wars? If Mr. Hardiman had been content with getting the literal translations of his country's minstrels, and having them turned into as good verse as he could, leaving polemical and factious disputes

to their proper sphere (if any sphere be proper for these pests of society), he would have given us a book more worthy of its name and character. As it is, we trust he will have incited other Irish antiquaries to expatiate upon the subject. But we return to his story.

"The Earl of Kildare soon after demised his ill-acquired possessions in O'Kelly's lands to his illegitimate son, Garrett Fitzgerald, at a nominal rent. This Garrett had a son named Gerald, who was afterwards known by the name Old Gerald, and long remembered for his atrocious cruelties. He possessed the estates for a long time, and was a great improver. He built where the old orchard now stands at Logacurren, and planted many trees, the last of which were cut down in 1740. He also made several roads, one leading to Rahinahowle, another called the Long-lane, to Timogue, and another through Barrowhouse, being part of O'Kelly's estates; and he planted many ornamental trees in each place. When making these roads, he yoked a plough of bullocks, drew a strong chain round some poor widows' cabins which stood in the way, and pulled them down. He surrounded Logacurren with a broad double ditch, and planted quicks on both sides; on these works he employed Ulstermen, whom he paid in cattle, with which they departed for home, and remained the first night at Portnahinch. Gerald pursued them with an armed force, under pretence of robbery; and the unfortunate men, having made some resistance, were slain, and the cattle brought back. Soon after this, he had a dispute respecting some encroachments which he had made on a neighbouring gentleman. It took place on the high road; and, after some altercation, Gerald proposed to reduce the matter to the decision of the next passenger, who he knew would be his own cowherd. The poor man was accordingly required to determine the point, and he immediately decided, according to justice, against his master. This so enraged Gerald, that he took the cow-herd and his son, and locked them up in a stable in order to hang them. The cow-herd's wife, hearing the danger in which they were placed, came crying for mercy, offering all she was possessed of for their ransom. Gerald told her if she brought him her twelve cows and her bull, they should be released. The poor woman hastened home, overjoyed, for the purpose; but on her return found her husband and son executed. Gerald, however, kept the cattle for permitting her to take away the dead bodies, over which she mourned in a doleful manner, mixing her wailings with bitter imprecations against Gerald, as follows: 'Oh, Gerald! of stunted growth and laugh of guile, may desolation reach the threshold of thy door—a bramble with its two ends in the earth—a green lake overflow the surface of thy hall—the hawk's nest in the chimney of thy mansion—and the dung of goats in the place of thy bed! because thou didst bereave me of the son and father—thou took'st from me the twelve cows and bull—an inheritance may your heirs never find!' All which, as will appear, were speedily fulfilled. Gerald continued his career with impunity, for a considerable time, until at length he fell foul of the Earl of Kildare's agents, when they came to demand the trifling chief-rent payable out of O'Kelly's lands. After this his lordship declared against Gerald, and had the estate advertised and sold. It was purchased by one Daniel Byrne, well known by the name of 'Daniel the tailor.' Gerald was finally dispossessed, his dwelling laid waste, and the possession of the entire lordship delivered to the

purchaser. Then it was that the imprecations of the cow-herd's wife were fulfilled; for Gerald, losing the inheritance, destitute of friends, and execrated by his neighbours, was obliged to build a little shed in Clopook, and was glad to become keeper of a *sedwall pond*. Here he had no support but the milk of two goats; and these animals frequently lay and dunged in the straw on which he slept, as was prayed for long before by the cow-herd's wife."

The curse, with its peculiarities, is very characteristic and powerful.

Having now, we trust, sufficiently justified both the high praise and the censure we have bestowed on this publication, we shall conclude with a notice of a few of the slight mistakes into which it appears to us the editor has fallen.

At p. 140, vol. II. John Mac Donnell is stated to be "known by the name of *Claragh*," from the residence of his family;—now, *Claragh* is simply *Minstrel*, and not a family residence. Next page, Ballylough is, we presume, a misprint for Ballyclough; but at p. 143 there is a more distinct blunder. Here it is said—"In politics Mac Donnell was a 'rank' Jacobite, and on more occasions than one he saved his life by hasty retreats from his enemies, the hard-hunters. He moreover inherited all the hatred of his race for the 'Saxon churls.' The treatment of the brave Irish general, Mac Donnell, better known by the name of Mac Allstrum, (whose march is yet remembered in Munster), of our poet's name and family, who was basely murdered in 1647, at Knockrinos, near Mallow, by the troops of the brutal renegade, Inchiquin, helped to embitter the poet's mind against the English. His muse never seemed so delighted as when holding them up to the scorn and derision of his countrymen."

Mr. Hardiman should surely have known that this "Irish general" was a Scotsman, is the Colquito of the *Legend of Montrose*, and, yet more anciently, the Colquito, "or the Devil" of Milton.

At p. 378 Mr. H. remarks—"It is an irreparable loss to Irish history, that Dr. Keating did not continue his work after the Anglo invasion. Of all men, he was best qualified to give a true domestic picture of this country, from a knowledge of its civil affairs, manners, customs, poetry, music, architecture, &c., seldom equalled, and never surpassed; besides his intimate acquaintance with many ancient MSS. extant in his time, but since dispersed or destroyed." If it be any comfort to the writer, we think we have heard that Dr. Keating's MS. is preserved, and, if we are not mistaken, in the possession of that able genealogist and antiquary, Sir William Betham. Before we finish, we have only one other point to put to Mr. H.: Why, in directing admiration to the efforts made to illustrate the fairy lore and legendary tales of Ireland, he should have named Sir Walter Scott, and omitted any reference to his own countryman, Mr. Crofton Croker? Great as the former is in every branch of literature which he has chosen to cultivate, in this particular branch he has done nothing to be compared with our distinguished friend.

But we must close; and we do so with an anecdote, at once evidence of the editor's industry and prejudice.

"Although colloquially debased, many of the original characteristics of our language remain unimpaired. Its pathetic powers have been particularly celebrated. 'If you plead for your life, plead in Irish,' is a well-known adage. But the revilers of the people have

not spared even their speech. Of the species of abuse usually resorted to, a curious specimen may be found in the prejudiced Stanburat (temp. Elizabeth), who assures his readers, that the Irish was unfit even for the prince of darkness himself to utter; and to illustrate this, the bigotted Saxon gravely adduced the case of a possessed person in Rome, who 'spoke in every known tongue except Irish; but in that he neither would nor could speak, because of its intolerable harshness.'"

The Life of Major-General Sir T. Munro, Bart. &c. &c. &c. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. M.R.S.L. &c. New edition. 2 vols. Bro. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is an excellent edition of an excellent and standard work, of which we expressed our unqualified approbation upon its original appearance in three volumes;—now, with some interesting additions, comprehended in two. (See *Literary Gazette* for last year, pages 97, 604, 622). Mr. Gleig has, however, rather imposed a heavy task of collation upon us by not intimating where the new matter was to be found. It is true that we could with great pleasure read his delightful *Life* all over again; but, then, we are critics, and not mere readers for pleasure; and that we have not much time may be granted, when we tell, that even at this dull literary season, our first bag from the office on Thursday alone contained one quarto volume, ten octavos, seven duodecimos, three monthly publications, three French works of science, and several pamphlets.

With this heart-breaking excuse for doing nothing more for this valuable edition of *Munro*, we shall simply quote two of the new letters, which cannot, we think, be perused without affording gratification. They are charmingly characteristic:—

Adressed to Sir Graham Moore.

London, 8th June, 1813.

"My dear Graham,—Your letter of the 6th of May was between two and three weeks in finding its way to me. I had no suspicion that you would have been called out again, so soon, just as you were beginning to get comfortably settled in the country. Your removal is a great disappointment to me, for I had promised myself many a pleasant walk to the Roman camp, and other places about Brook Farm, and many a long conversation about past times, and the present state of the world; but these hopes, like many others, are banished for the present. As you are employed, however, I like to see you in the Baltic better than any where else, because it is the station where, perhaps, your services can be most useful, and where your mind will be most interested. You are now a principal actor in a campaign which will never be forgotten in the world, for it will decide the fate of Europe; and if the German governments do their duty, will, I am convinced, decide it in favour of liberty from French bondage. I hope you follow the example of your excellent brother John, and keep a journal of every transaction, however minute; for things which at first sight appear of little consequence, often become important from their connexion with other matters, which we do not at the time foresee. When you return to Brook Farm, we shall talk over the campaign, and refer to your notes. I am not acquainted with the nature of your command, but I trust that it is such as to improve your fortune; for though you are as little covetous of wealth as any man, it would be a great comfort to be so easy in your cir-

cumstances as to ensure your being able to live in the country in the way you have hitherto done, which, when I last saw you, you were doubtful whether you could continue. A small addition to your fortune would remove the uncertainty, and enable you to live in the moderate, rational manner to which you have been accustomed. All that I would care for myself in the way of fortune, would be to have in Surry just such a place as yours, and to be able to see my friends without looking too narrowly into my expenses. I wish to God that I were, like you, a married man. I would not remain longer than a month with my wife, and then I would visit the armies both in Germany and Spain. But I see no immediate chance of the change I wish for; for my long absence from my own country has thrown me out of that society in which I might have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with young women. I had an invitation from your mother to dine with her yesterday, and meet your wife, and James and his wife, but was unluckily engaged. It was one of the family parties which I should have enjoyed very much. It would have reminded me of old times and lang syne. God bless you, my dear Graham. Yours ever,

THOMAS MUNRO."

To the Same.

Ardowgan, 5th October, 1813.

"My dear Graham,—You probably remember seeing Colonel Cunningham, an old friend of mine, at my lodgings in London. His brother died suddenly last year, leaving a widow and two sons to be supported by him. One of them is at present a midshipman on board the *Orion*. This ship, it is said, is to be paid of; in which case you might, perhaps, have a vacancy for him in your own ship, or be able to get him appointed to another, where he would be taught his duty, and be well taken care of. I suppose he is just like other boys; but if you find him no worse, I hope you will not forget him. I have been for the last fortnight paying visits at Greenock and Glasgow. If I had nothing else to think of, I fancy that I could for ever ramble over the scenes of our early days, for the pleasure I feel in doing so is not at all diminished by the frequent visits I have made to them since my return to this country. My favourite excursion is to Woodside, and along the banks of Kelvin, where we used to bathe in former days; but I have also great enjoyment in traversing the streets and closes of Glasgow, and comparing their present and past state. As I saunter along, I imagine that it is now, or at least that it is destined to be, the finest city in the kingdom; that the buildings are handsomer, the merchants more enterprising, and the manufacturers more skilful, and even the common people more honest, contented-looking folks, than one sees any where else. I like to talk Scotch with the country-people and children I meet with in my walks; but am sorry to say that the language is much corrupted by the influx of English words. Many of our old idioms and phrases, however, are still preserved. I heard one the other day, in all its ancient purity, from a young girl. I asked her where her mother was. 'Where is she?' said she:—'She's in her skin, and when she comes out, loup you in.' I had not heard this expression for above thirty years, but on hearing it, I instantly recognised it as one that I had often made use of myself. I wish you were once more at home, to enjoy all these simple pleasures, for which you have so high a relish. If the allies will only persevere, they will get stronger every day, and will be able,

in another campaign or two, to dictate such a peace as would restore the independence of Europe; and then we may expect to have some rest in our own country, and to visit others with safety. Yours most truly,

THOMAS MUNRO."

Dr. Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy. 2 vols. Bro. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is also a new and improved edition of a work upon which we have already delivered our opinion at considerable length. We need not, therefore, enter again upon its merits; but may content ourselves with quoting an anecdote or two,—our former Review being rather directed to the scientific portion of the memoir, some part of which, as we have heard, the learned author says we did not understand. Having confessed to this misfortune, or rather to this charge, we now venture upon the anecdote, which we humbly hope we do understand; and the first is very much to the purpose.

"Davy's uncouth appearance and address subjected him to many other mortifications on his first arrival in London. There was a smirking on his countenance, and a pertness in his manner, which, although arising from the perfect simplicity of his mind, were considered as indicating an unbecoming confidence. Johnson, the publisher, as many of my readers will probably remember, was in the custom of giving weekly dinners to the more distinguished authors and literary stars of the day. Davy, soon after his appointment, was invited upon one of these occasions; but the host actually considered it necessary to explain, by way of apology, to his company, the motives which had induced him to introduce into their society a person of such humble pretensions. At this dinner, a circumstance occurred, which must have been very mortifying to the young philosopher. Fuseli was present; and, as usual, he highly energetic upon various passages of beauty in the poets, when Davy, most unfortunately observed, that there were passages in Milton to which he could never understand. 'Very likely,' very likely, sir,' replied the artist, in his broad German accent; 'but I am sure that is not Milton's fault.'"

With the following ludicrous adventure of Lady Davy, which happened in 1813, when Davy was allowed by Bonaparte to visit Paris; we once more commend these volumes to the favour they so amply deserve.

"While Davy was at the meeting of the Institute, a curious adventure occurred to Lady Davy, the relation of which, by shewing the state of surveillance in which the citizens of Paris were held at that period, will enable us to appreciate the extent of the obligation conferred upon Sir Humphry by the emperor. Her ladyship, attended by her maid, had walked into the Tuilleries' garden. She wore a very small hat, of a simple cockle-shell form, such as was fashionable at that time in London; while the Parisian ladies wore bonnets of most voluminous dimensions. It happened to be saint's day, on which, the shops being closed, the citizens repaired in crowds to the gardens. On seeing the diminutive bonnet of Lady Davy, the Parisians felt little less surprised than did the inhabitants of Brobdignag on beholding the hat of Gulliver; and a crowd of persons soon assembled around the unknown exotic; in consequence of which, one of the inspectors of the garden immediately presented himself, and informed her ladyship that, on account of *rasssemblement* could be suffered, and therefore, requested her to retire. Some of the officers of the imperial guard, to whom she ap-

pealed, replied, that however much they might regret the circumstance, they were unable to afford her any redress, as the order was peremptory. She then requested that they would conduct her to her carriage; an officer immediately offered his arm; but the crowd had by this time so greatly increased, that it became necessary to send for a corporal's guard; and the party quitted the garden surrounded by fixed bayonets."

Pompeiana. By Sir William Gell. Part XI. Jennings and Chaplin.

THE present Part of this curious and interesting work contains double the quantity of plates and letter-press to be found in the preceding Parts; as will also the twelfth and last Part, which will appear in about two months. "This excess of matter," the publishers state, "has originated in Sir William's having, since the work has been at press, liberally placed the results of his subsequent investigations on this interesting subject, at the disposal of the publishers, who, while they have great pleasure in thus so materially adding to the value of the publication, have resolved, at a manifestly great pecuniary sacrifice, fully to redeem the pledge originally given, that the work would not exceed twelve or thirteen numbers, by confining it to twelve."

We extract a passage on that frequently-controverted point, the windows of the houses of the ancients. It occurs in a description of the plate entitled "Windows of Cubiculi."

"Much has been said, and more has been doubted, on the subject of the windows of the ancients. It was not probable that houses, and especially cubiculi, could have existed without the means of excluding the cold, yet, at the same time, admitting light. Even in modern times, however, except in the dwellings of the great, the lighting of a house in Italy or Greece, on a rainy or windy day, is very imperfect; in consequence of the scarcity of glass, or its late introduction as an article of common use. The villa of Arris Diomedes is said to have had windows, the panes of which were divided by lead, just as we find them in old houses in England. The thermæ had the same divisions of brass; but these windows of the thermæ of Pompeii are the only examples at present existing of the manner of opening and shutting. The accounts remaining of the scarcity or abundance of glass among the ancients are very contradictory. Vopiscus accuses Firmus of luxury for having windows of glass in the time of Aurelian. Calpurnius, when giving audience to Philo, a rich Jew of Alexandria, is stated to have attended to nothing but new-glazing his windows, so that the imperial palace must have been glazed long before, to have required renewing. In this view two of the iron cramps remain, by which wooden frames were fixed to the wall, and in those frames the window, either of glass, linen, or wood, moved backwards and forwards. If the slider was merely a shutter, which it appears to have been, it was probably not without a small hole in the centre, square or circular, glazed or covered with linen, or even open to admit a small portion of light. These windows are six feet six inches above the foot pavement, so as not to admit the gaze of passengers. The foot pavement itself is here one foot seven inches higher than the street or vicus, which is paved with polygons, of which a quarry was found by the Hon. W. Strangways not far from Torre dell' Annunziata. The vicus, without the foot-paths, which are each about three feet nine

inches wide, measures only seven feet six inches in breadth. These alleys could never have been narrower, according to the old Roman law. 'Vici lateioudo endo perfectam octo pedem estod, endo amfractum sedecim.' The width of the streets must be eight feet where straight, but sixteen where they turned. The houses on each side of these narrow streets were justly called *Vicinales*. 'Vicinales qui in vico sunt.' The windows are only one foot eleven inches wide, and not three in height. Within the chambers the opening measured only two feet six inches, and there was perhaps some appearance of an internal casement which opened inwards. The red panels are four feet seven inches in height. On these the children have frequently drawn rude figures with a pin or a nail, and have sometimes written sentences not more delicate than the figures, as boys are apt to do in our own times."

In speaking of the plate from a painting of Achilles and Briseis, Sir William Gell observes,—

"The picture is four feet two inches high by four feet wide. This may be a proper place for stating that the author cannot presume, in attempting to preserve a memorial and record of these paintings, to imagine that any thing more than a faint idea of them can be furnished to the reader. An artist of the first skill would find it a difficult task to preserve in scanty outlines the traces of the force or expression of the original where there is often no outline at all, it being shaded off till the forms become indistinct. Indeed, where it can be done, nothing is so difficult as to trace an outline from the originals, even on the most transparent paper. At an immense expense only, and on a large scale, could any idea be furnished of the touch and style of the painters of antiquity. Many are also incorrect as to drawing, yet the additions of shade and colour diminish the defect which, in outline, becomes glaring. Those, however, who wish to study the grouping and composition of the ancients, will here find great assistance, and history and poetry may be illustrated upon authority instead of from fancy. There is, no doubt, a certain degree of sameness even in the coloured originals—a defect which must be more visible in outline. The Romans only copied themselves and the Greeks; therefore they had not that range over all ages and all situations which is open to modern art. The Greeks, who only depicted themselves, and an occasional Persian or Amazon, were still more confined as to models. The shading of a modern picture is generally artificially contrived by a light let in by a small window, or even a small hole in a shutter purposely closed, and which produces an effect rarely observed in nature. The ancients, on the contrary, seem to have preferred the light of day for their works, and one curious advantage is gained by it. The pictures of the ancients produce a pleasing effect when only surrounded by a simple line of red, while the very best of modern paintings is very much indebted to the carver and glider for its gorgeous and barnished frame, without which its beauties are so much diminished that it almost ceases to be a decoration to an apartment."

"Chimneys," says Sir William Gell, "certainly existed in Greece; for not only does a scholiast speak of tubes, and canals for smoke, but Aristophanes, in *Vespæ*, mentions a person who, being imprisoned in a house, escaped, or tried to escape, by the chimney. Appian says, on one occasion, that some tried to escape

through chimneys. 'In fumaris et summis tegulis se abscondisse.' The testimony of Horace and of Juvenal, who talk of smoky houses, fumosi and lachrymosi non sine fumo, seems to make it probable that the people suffered from the want of them; and Vitruvius gives no account of such an invention. They not only burned, in the better apartments, a more expensive sort of wood, which, from emitting no smoke, was called *acapna* and *amurea*, according to Martial, but, from a carpet found spread on a mosaic pavement, upon which stood a braciæro, or foculare, with the charcoal in it, in a room at Pompeii, it is evident that the inhabitants used the same process for heating their chambers as the moderns of the same country, previous to the introduction of chimneys by our countrymen. The modern Greeks, on the contrary, have fires and chimneys in their rooms. It is, however, certain that, in a shop, and in a chamber of the Temple of Isis, chimneys may be found at Pompeii. Chimneys existed, also, at all times in the kitchens of the south of Italy."

A plate of a "Drinking Scene" gives rise to the following remarks:—

"It is curious that, at so late a period, horns seem to have been used instead of drinking-cups, notwithstanding the multiplicity of glasses and cups which abounded in Pompeii, and the inconvenience arising, as may be observed in this plate, from the want of a foot. Horns were used for cups in very ancient times, as may be learned from several of the Greek scholiasts. Bacchus was called Corniger from this circumstance, according to the scholiast on Nicander. The Sileni were the nurses of the horned Bacchus. Horace, says the scholiast on Homer, *Iliad*, *δ. v. 169*, were used previously to the invention of cups. Nonnus says, 'He held in his left hand a horn filled with delicious wine.'

It would appear that the ancients, during their feasts and ceremonies, the representations of which have come down to our times, studied and practised what was best suited for show, and conducive to elegance; but that their common usages and every-day customs were not very widely different from those of the moderns in the same country."

Captain Beechey's Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Beering's Straits, &c. A new edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

REplete with interest and information of every kind, and long since estimated according to its rich desert by a discerning world, we are happy to notice this new and convenient edition of Captain Beechey's work. With the same valuable and characteristic engravings, the same valuable text, if the larger paper copy occupies a place in every good library of a high order, we are sure this cheaper publication will spread yet more widely the fame of its author.

The German Muse; or, the Worth of Women; the Song of the Bell; of Frederick Von Schiller. Arranged for the use of his Pupils, by Baron Febeck, Professor of the German Language and Literature. London, 1831. Treutzel, Wurtz, and Co.

THESE ballads are literally translated, with various grammatical notes and explanations. To the young scholar a work like the present must be invaluable; and its author observes very justly,—"Although we are convinced

that it is impossible, in many cases, to obtain a correct idea of the original by means of a literal translation, yet the advantage which a learner may derive from such a translation overbalances any occasional inconvenience, and is too obvious to be neglected." We have heard much of Baron Fabek's system of instruction from our foreign correspondents. On the continent it has been eminently successful, and we doubt not will be equally so in England.

A Greek Grammar on a New and Systematic Plan, according to the Analytic Method. By the Rev. T. Flynn, A.M. Dublin, 1831. Curry and Co.; London, Hurst and Chance. THE "new and systematic plan" of this work is, we fear, too intricate and uninviting, and the style in which it is developed too obscure and ungrammatical, to render it likely that it will be either understood or studied by tyros; though to those who have made some progress in Greek, we are of opinion it may be of considerable use. The errors of printing, both in the Greek and English, would alone be a great hindrance to a beginner; added to which, the want of accents is a serious drawback.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR OCTOBER.

23^d 10^h 3^m—the Sun enters Scorpio.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Virgo.....	5	9	44
☾ First Quarter in Sagittarius ..	13	11	59
☾ Full Moon in Pisces.....	20	20	44
☾ Last Quarter in Cancer.....	27	12	2

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo.....	2	22	0
Mercury in Virgo.....	4	5	40
Mars.....	5	2	20
Venus.....	5	17	0
Jupiter in Capricornus.....	15	8	36
☿ Ceti.....	21	0	0
♂.....	21	17	0
♂ Tauri.....	22	12	0
Saturn in Leo.....	30	9	15
♂ Leonis.....	30	16	0

Occultations of Stars in the Hyades.—23^d—The immersion of γ Tauri will occur below the horizon; the emersion, at 6^h 54^m, will be visible. After passing over the small stars in its path to Aldebaran, the Moon will occult this remarkable star under the following circumstances:

	D.	H.	M.
Immersion.....	15	14	18
Emersion.....	14	20	27

The subjoined diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emersion.



3^d—Mercury stationary. 4^d—ascending node. 9^d—perihelion. 13^d—greatest elongation (18° 5') as a morning star. 13^d 17^m—in conjunction with α Virginis: difference of latitude 28°. 16^d 13^m—with Venus. 20^d—with 38 Virginis: difference of latitude 2°. 26^d—with Mars.

24^d 04^m 30^s—Venus in her inferior conjunction with the Sun. 24^d 20^m—in conjunction with Mars. 30^d—stationary.

17^d 22^m—Mars in conjunction with 3 Virginis.

The Asteroids.

	D.	H.	M.	N.D.	P.	S.
Vesta .. 3 R.A.	8	11	19	31
11	8	22	19	9
19	8	32	18	49
27	8	41	18	30
June .. 5	9	4	7	15
11	9	17	6	12
19	9	30	5	10
27	9	41	4	8
Pallas .. 3	19	16	3	51
11	19	30	4	31
19	19	39	3	19
27	19	30	2	14
Ceres .. 5	20	43	S.D.	30	15
11	20	44	29	47
19	20	47	29	13
27	20	53	28	35

10^h—Jupiter stationary.

Eclipses of the Satellites of Jupiter.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	6	8	22	13
.....	13	10	18	0
.....	22	6	42	40
.....	29	8	36	37
Second Satellite	23	7	38	59
Fourth Satellite, immersion 16	8	31	25

20^h—Saturn in conjunction with χ Leonis: difference of latitude 19'.

21^h—Uranus stationary near 21 Capricorni. **Telescopic Objects.**—The following telescopic objects will be in favourable positions for observation during the month:

Aries.—In this zodiacal constellation, β , γ , δ , λ , 14, 33, and 41, are double stars. α Arietis is a triple star; the stars of which it is composed are arranged in a line; the largest star is white, the other two are mere points. In Triangulum (an asterism above Aries) α , γ , and δ , are double; β Trianguli is larger than α , and is supposed to have changed its magnitude. Near Triangulum is Musca, in which the star numbered 39 is double.

Cetus.—In this constellation, γ , δ , ϵ , ν , 26, 61, 68, and 94, are double stars: above ζ is a nebula, and another near δ . Mira is a variable star; period of variation 331^d 10^h 19^m: at its maximum brightness it is of the second magnitude; its light gradually diminishes till it entirely disappears. χ also disappears periodically: at its greatest brilliancy it seems of the fifth magnitude. α Ceti has probably changed its magnitude: it is now less bright than β .

Auriga.—Capella, a star of the first magnitude, in this constellation, is double: also β ; the largest star is of a bluish white: γ is double; the large star orange-white, the small star red: δ , ϵ , 13, 14, 26, 41, 56, and 59, are likewise double stars. Near δ , and in a line parallel to β and γ , is a cluster of stars containing two double stars. Near ϕ is a triple star in the centre of a small circular nebula, which surrounds the stars like an atmosphere. λ is a multiple star. Near ϵ is a square mass of small stars.

Depford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LITERARY DISCREPANCY.

Sir,—I have made long extracts on a matter by which it will appear, that there is as positive a contradiction between the statement in Dr. Southey's *Life of Nelson* and the advertisement of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley in the *Literary Gazette*, entitled the "Adventures of a Sergeant," &c., as ever was recorded; and I am sure that your regard for literary truth will not deter you from giving your view of the matter, though one part of the statement is in an advertisement in the *Literary Gazette*. Yours, most respectfully,

A READER OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE FOR TEN YEARS.

Southey's *Life of Nelson*, pp. 344, 345.

"Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizen-top of the Redoubt."

able. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire; and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quarter-master, as he cried out "that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the poop. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast."

Advertisement in *Literary Gazette*, p. 127.

"Adventures of a Sergeant in the French Army, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from 1805 to 1823. Written by himself. 1 vol. post 8vo.

"Robert Guilleminard, whose memoirs are here presented to the public, was drawn as a conscript in 1805. He was sent on board Admiral Villeneuve's fleet, and was the man who shot Lord Nelson, at the battle of Trafalgar; subsequently to which he witnessed the assassination of his own admiral, touching whose death he was personally examined by Buonaparte. He then joined the army in Germany, was present at the taking of Stralsund, and marching into Spain, was made prisoner by a guerilla party. Having made his escape, he was sent on the Russian campaign, and, at the battle of the Borodino, was taken by the Russians and banished to Siberia, where he remained in captivity till 1814, when he and a few others were suffered to return. At the time of Napoleon's re-appearance from Elba, Guilleminard was serving in the Duke of Angoulême's army in the south, and describes the massacre of the Protestants at Nîmes. Soon afterwards he assisted Joachim Murat (King of Naples) in escaping from Toulon to Corsica. Guilleminard's final campaign was in Spain in 1823, after which he retired to his native village, whence his memoirs are dated."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Winter's Wreath, for 1832.

Whittaker, London; Smith, Liverpool.

We have seldom met with a more pleasing and sweetly executed collection of little prints than those which are to grace the *Winter's Wreath* for the approaching season. They do equal credit to the taste of the proprietors of the work, and to the talents of the various artists who have been engaged in their production. We must give them all a brief notice.

The Reply of the Fountain. Painted by R. Liversidge; engraved by E. Smith. A composition full of elegance and sentiment.—*Evening near the Bavarian Alps.* Painted by G. Barrett; engraved by R. Wallis. One of those glowing and delicious sunsets in which Mr. Barrett's pencil luxuriates.—*The Village Squire's Welcome.* Painted by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved by E. Smith. An interesting domestic group, well composed, and with a powerful effect.—*Abbeville, France.* Painted by D. Roberts; engraved by A. Freebairn. The

breadth, the air, and the skilful manner in which the light and the shade are "focused" (as Mr. Burnet happily calls it, in his clever publication), are all admirable.—*The Highland Fortress of Leasing Cray.* Painted by J. Martin; engraved by R. Brandard. Mr. Martin has here found a subject in nature quite congenial to the creations of his own poetical imagination.—*Lago di Nemi, Roma.* Painted by A. Aglio; engraved by R. Brandard. The tranquillity and refinement of this scene form an excellent contrast to the rude grandeur of that which we last noticed.—*The Visionary.* Painted by H. Liverseege; engraved by T. Engleheart. A young and handsome husband, a town and country house, a carriage and four, a diamond necklace, a box at the opera, are, no doubt, among the images flitting before the "mind's eye" of this fair day-dreamer.—*Naples.* Painted by W. Linton; engraved by E. Goodall. A fine transfer to steel of a picture which has, on a former occasion, received from us the high praise to which it is entitled.—*The Wreck.* Painted by J. Williamson; engraved by W. Miller. Whoever has been so unfortunate as to witness an event like this, will recognise the graphic truth and force of Mr. Williamson's representation of it.—*Allon, the Piper of Moll.* Painted by E. Goodall; engraved by H. Robinson. Replete with character; and a highly picturesque composition.—*Vintage Feast, at a Villa of Rione Trastevere.* Engraved by H. Robinson. The name of the painter is not mentioned. Whoever he was, he was well acquainted with the principles of his art, and has produced a very charming festive group.

A Series of Historical and Poetical Subjects, from Pictures and Drawings, by J. and F. P. Stephanoff. Drawn on stone by J. Stephanoff, Historical Painter in Water-Colours to his Majesty. No. I. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

The subjects are—"The Archbishop of Grenada," F. P. Stephanoff; "A Knight preparing for a Tournament," J. Stephanoff; "Shylock, Jessica, and Launcelot," F. P. Stephanoff; and "Portia admiring her Lovers," J. Stephanoff. The designs are such as might be expected from artists of such established reputation. The dismissal of Gil Blas, in the first, is well expressed, and the characters and composition have great originality. The publication promises a pleasing and interesting variety.

Hogarth Moralised. Fourth and concluding Part. Major.

This Part is at least equal in execution to its predecessors. Whoever possesses the whole, will have an excellent notion of the general merits of Hogarth; and will be sensible, to a much greater extent than could have been expected from the size of the plates, of the rich and minute touches of humour, pathos, and intelligence, with which his works abound. It is impossible to contemplate the productions of this highly-gifted man, without feeling the justice of Mr. Major's opinion:—"His extraordinary talents would have rendered him second to no one, in whatever way he had happened to apply them; but it is enough for the lovers of art, and of sound morality, that they became devoted to dramatic painting in its highest perfection; that the muses of comedy and tragedy by turns, or in conjunction, claimed and proved him to be their own." He used colours instead of language, and was the Shakespeare of a profession that must ever be proud of his immortal name."

Twelve Select Examples of the Architecture of the Middle Ages in England. Consisting of Plates carefully etched, aquatinted, and coloured, in imitation of the original drawings made on the spot by Charles Wild, Esq. Jennings and Chaplin.

THESE fine plates, having been originally published separately, are now collected into a volume, and a most beautiful and magnificent volume they form. Of the exteriors, "York Minster," and "the Cathedral of Wells," are our favourites; of the interiors, "Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey," and "the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor." The last mentioned is one of the most gorgeous architectural representations we ever met with. No library of the slightest pretension to elegance ought to be without this splendid work.

Paris and its Environs. Displayed in a series of Two Hundred Picturesque Views, from original drawings taken under the direction of A. Pugin, Esq.; the engravings under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath, with Topographical and Historical Descriptions. Two vols. demy 4to. Jennings and Chaplin. THIS is also an assemblage of plates which have been in a course of publication in Nos. during the last four years. They convey a thorough and excellent notion of Paris and its neighbourhood; and much more than topographical interest is given to many of them by the introduction of animated representations of some of the prominent events of the revolution of 1830. The descriptions are in French and English; and, although brief, contain much curious information.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPICHRAM ON A MISER.

His heart is like a maggot-eaten nut:
There's nothing in it; but 'tis closely shut.

L. E. L.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

[The Ambassador from France to our government at this period having been considered, more than usual, an object of public attention, we have reprinted the following anecdotes which are told of him. We have heard many others, all illustrative of his wit and pleasantness; and even at his advanced age he is yet brilliant and sparkling. Prince Talleyrand is fond of whist, and almost nightly sits in a late hour enjoying his favourite game. When told that Lord Londonderry had censured him for this; he remarked that, from constitution, he could not sleep till three or four o'clock in the morning; but if Lord Londonderry would furnish him with a better and more innocent amusement, he would throw up his cards.]

SHORTLY after the affair of Pichegru and Moreau, a banker who had been introduced to Talleyrand, and admitted to the honour of several conferences with him, wrote to his excellency to solicit an audience, which was granted. Talleyrand was at that time minister for foreign affairs. The report of the death of George the Third had just obtained circulation throughout Paris, and was naturally expected to produce a great sensation on the stock exchange. The banker, who, like many of his financial brethren, wished to make a good hit, and thought the present a favourable opportunity, had the indiscretion to reveal to the minister the real object of his visit. Talleyrand listened to him without moving a muscle of his phlegmatic visage; and at length replied in a solemn tone: "Some say that the king of England is dead, others say that he is not dead; but do you wish to know my opinion?" "Most anxiously, Prince!" "Well, then, I believe—neither! I mention

this in confidence to you; but I rely on your discretion: the slightest imprudence on your part would compromise me most seriously."

Madame Hamelin one day reproached M. de Montrou with his attachment to Talleyrand. "Good God! madam," replied M. de Montrou, with naïveté, "who could help liking him? he is so wicked!"

Talleyrand, speaking of the members of the French Academy, observed, "After all, it is possible they may one day or other do something remarkable. A flock of geese once saved the capitol of Rome."

On a certain occasion, a friend was conversing with Talleyrand on the subject of Mademoiselle Duchesnois the French actress, and another lady, neither of them remarkable for beauty. The first happens to have peculiarly bad teeth, the latter none at all. "If Madame S—," said Talleyrand, "only had teeth, she would be as ugly as Mademoiselle Duchesnois."

A distinguished personage once remarked to Talleyrand, "In the Upper Chamber at least are to be found men possessed of consciences." "Consciences!" replied Talleyrand—"to be sure: I know many a peer who has got two."

Madame de Staël, speaking of Talleyrand, illustrates his character in the following happy and familiar manner:—"The good Maurice is not unlike the mannikins with which children play—dolls with heads of cork and legs of lead: throw them up which way you please, they are sure to fall on their feet."

Talleyrand had a confidential servant excessively devoted to his interests, but withal superlatively inquisitive. Having one day intrusted him with a letter, the Prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and with some surprise observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms:—"You may send a verbal answer by the bearer: he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previously to its delivery." Such a postscript must have been more effective than the severest reproofs.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

O weep not for me! The farewell address of a dying Christian. Written by W. A. Davis. The Music by the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm. J. Green.

THE present is one of the most touching and beautiful airs of this popular composer. In considering, and even in admiring, the vocal works of Neukomm, we have often had occasion to regret his want of continued melody in the voice part—a deficiency to which even his fine, and elaborate, and effective accompaniments have not altogether reconciled us. But here the theme flows beautifully in one line, and its pathetic character finds instant way to the heart. It is destined, we think, for popularity; and its tender and consolatory strain will be prized by all, especially by those who suffer under the recent loss of a beloved relative. It is truly a Christian's song.

DRAMA.

*The Drama gives note of preparation.—*Drury Lane opens to-night, notwithstanding the melancholy death which has occurred within its walls. Capt. Polhill, it is true, remains

inconsolable, and M. Martin is not to be comforted; but the skin of the deceased has been sent, in the most decorous way, to the Zoological, Dick Peake declares that it is all stuff. We had forgotten to say, that we allude to the decease of the kangaroo, for whose non-appearance an apology, with a medical certificate attached as usual, had been already prepared, and, as it should seem, on a better foundation than ordinary, as the animal was really ill, and died according to medicine. Some consternation has been excited in the theatre by a report, that this fatal event was occasioned by the real cholera spasmodica of India; but we understand that none of the family of the departed ever fell a sacrifice to that disorder; nor is it the opinion of the faculty here, who attended him from the commencement of his indisposition to its lamentable close, that the complaint differed from the common cholera, from which we have all suffered so much this season. We are sorry to remark, however, that this opinion does not seem to be entirely satisfactory; for two of the monkeys have looked very grave ever since the event alluded to took place; and it is supposed they will hardly be in sufficient spirits to go through their parts with the true *vis comica* expected from such performers. The managers have been in treaty with Reeve to undertake the late kangaroo's parts; but it is said he has declined for want of a tail; and not having time to order one from the Highlands of Scotland, the only place in his Majesty's dominions where such articles of adequate length can be procured, and where there have been some fine second-hand ones of chieftains to be disposed of ever since George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh.

In the *Honeymoon*, with which the house opens, several first appearances and new casts are announced; including Mr. Jones, from Edinburgh, in genteel comedy (*Rolando*); Mrs. Brudenell, from the same city, as *Volante*; and Miss Brudenell, from Dublin, as *Zamora*. We rejoice to see that Macready is again engaged, and that his masterly *Werner* is to follow close upon the *Honeymoon*.

Covent Garden advertises for Monday, and will, we trust, open in strength, though the Chancery suit (not Peake's play, and far too little appreciated comedy, but the real incubus which has so long depressed and ruined this fine theatre,) has led to some doubts being expressed that the entertainments must be postponed. The chief feature in the bill, and that which will create the most regret, is the appearance of Young, "his last season on the stage." The stage will hardly see a more accomplished actor or a more estimable man. This house seems particularly strong in opera, Braham, (himself a host, and a very good host too), Miss Inverarity, Wilson, the Cawses, & Mr. Reynoldson from Edinburgh, Hodges from the Royal Academy of Music, our old, gentle, and deserved favourite, Durnet, and others filling up the musical band, — to display which, an opera by Auber is forthcoming.

The Olympic, beautifully decorated, under the direction of Mr. Beazley (who, we believe, is also the architect of the beautiful promenade just erected at Drury Lane — an ornament to the metropolis, and an honour to the builder), opens to-night, and had a private exhibition on Thursday, to the great gratification of amateurs of taste. It is embellished in the Pompeii style, with which we have become so well acquainted through the *Pompeiana* of Sir W. Gell (reviewed in many *Gazettes*). The ground is white; the ornaments gold, with flowers of

their natural colours; and Cupids, from designs by the celebrated Bartolozzi, the grandfather of the fair proprietress.* This active and charming little lady has farther rallied a potent association around her; Mrs. Glover and herself, the best in their respective lines; Miss Sydney, who should play more for the stage, however, and less for individuals among the audience; the Vinings; C. Horne; Bland; and, above all, the Liston. An engagement was offered to this infinitely comedian at Drury Lane; but he preferred (and who would not?) the company of Vestris to that of the Llama; and refused to play with either the lions, the tiger, or the bear. He will therefore be, himself, the lion at the Olympic, which is only dropping the *et out* of his name.

The opening novelty is an adaptation from *Dominique*. This three-act piece, so successful at the Théâtre Français, is, we hear, in preparation at nearly all the other theatres, and has already been done at the Coburg. Competition is generally a public benefit; but we question whether this sort of competition is a benefit to theatres.

On Wednesday the *Evil Eye*, having, as its facetious author, Mr. Peake, stated, "been wide awake and open for thirty-six nights successively," closed the brief season of the English Opera at this small theatre, to which Mathews and Yates return on Monday with their usual attractions. As the New Street Bill has passed, we trust (as Mr. Bartley intimated, in his farewell address, would probably be the case), to see Mr. Arnold, to whom English music and the public are so much indebted for his exertions to improve the one and entertain the other, in a handsome new Lyceum of his own next year. Respected in society, enterprising and able as a theatrical proprietor, and with his interests farther recommended in consequence of the severe loss he sustained by the burning of his theatre, we know no man concerned in the drama, with such strong claims to sympathy and encouragement.

VARIETIES.

Buckingham Palace.—The state and fate of this disgraceful job have again been discussed in parliament. Col. Trench's plan for converting it into a National Gallery, &c., will now, we trust, be fairly considered; but, after all, we believe the probability is, that it will be finished as a Royal Palace for the King.

Young Lambton, the son of Lord Durham, and the subject of one of Lawrence's most beautiful pictures, died this week at Brighton. So melancholy an event will give an additional

* We add a more accurate description of these decorations, which are really beautiful. The ceiling is painted in imitation of an ornamented silk canopy, drawn tight by garlands of flowers held by flying Cupids, the chandelier being suspended from the centre. The proscenium is divided by gilt beading into compartments, each containing a wreath of flowers, and bouquets of flowers run up the pilasters. The stage doors have been removed, and proscenium boxes substituted. A rich arabesque scroll ornament, on a white ground, alternately with lozenge-shaped panels, containing emblematical figures, decorate the fronts of the upper tier of boxes. The lower tier is formed into panels, in which are painted, in a very light and pretty style, subjects selected from the works of that eminent artist Bartolozzi, representing figures engaged in various appropriate diversions. Flowers are very tastefully introduced in both tiers, which are enriched by gilt ornamental moulding at top, and a dead gilt fascia, relieved by burnished patterns, at bottom. Mrs. Beazley, architect, directed, and Messrs. Grace and Son executed the decorations.

† If we have time, we intend to write either a tragedy, or a comedy, or an opera, or a melo-drama, or a farce, for the beasts ourselves. It is to be entitled *Amiel's Parliant*; but we have got no farther than the name yet, for which we put in this Caveat.—Ed. L. G.

interest to the fine engraving of this charming boy.

Marmaduke Trattle.—In the newspaper obituaries we observe the death of this gentleman, in London, at the age of eighty. We knew him slightly, and have seen portions of his superb collection of coins, in many respects one of the finest, if not altogether the finest in England. We presume it will now be dispersed.

Anecdote of the Duchesse de Berri.—By the way, I am horribly of the Duchesse de Berri's mind on one point, and that is cricket. Don't you remember that, at Dieppe, the other day, the English gentlemen visitors of the place paid her the honour of inviting her to witness their national game; and that she came to the ground, and sat in a beautiful pavilion; and that, directly, the play began; and that she took no notice, but kept talking and laughing with her French attendants and eating sweet things; and that our countrymen marvelled thereat, and exerted themselves more and more to fix her attention, but all in vain; and that at last, however, she was seen to look grave and observant, and turn her eyes to the cricketers, upon which, much flattered, they worked so hard as to outdo, in energy and vivacity, all former cricketers; and that the duchess began to grow fidgety and seem impatient thereupon, and despatched one of the gentlemen of her suite with some message to our fellow-countrymen; and that our fellow-countrymen thought they were going to hear a request, arising out of womanly nervousness and amiability, praying them not to exert themselves so very much, lest some of them might cause injury to the spine; and that, notwithstanding, when the message was delivered, it only contained her royal highness's wish to know how soon the English gentlemen proposed to give over their preliminary arrangements, and begin their game; and that, when they allowed her to understand they had been playing their game all the while; the Duchesse de Berri left the ground forthwith.

Royal Impostor.—A work has been published at Paris, under the title of *Memoirs of the Duke of Normandy*, the son of Louis XVI., written and published by himself. It states, that he escaped from the shoemaker with whom he was placed in his youth, by the same means which introduced the Grecians into Troy; namely, by being enclosed in a wooden horse, a beggar-boy having been substituted for him; that after his escape he took refuge with the Prince de Condé, who confided him to Kleber, by whom he was placed in the hands of Dessaix. Pursued, however, by the jealousy of Napoleon, he repaired to South America, ascended the Amazon river, and found himself among a set of cannibals. These gentlemen were preparing to devour him, but the duke slew them; which was but fair. He then became the cacique of the Mandukues, and carried on with them a sanguinary war of hatebats and tomahawks against the Arouas, the Huanabes, and the Galibis; whom he defeated in a pitched battle. His physician Dussault, his confessor Tourzel, and the wife of Simon (his late master), all proclaiming that Louis XVII. was not dead, soon disappeared from among the living. Then Kleber was killed, near the Pyramids, Pichegru was strangled, Josephine was repudiated, Fualdes had his throat cut; all for having endeavoured to restore to France this wonderful child.

Effects of Heat and Cold on Infants.—At a sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, some time ago, a letter was read from MM.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

New Burlington Street, Sept. 1851.
BOOKS for TRAVELLERS, published by
 Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley,
 The Traveller's Oracle; or, *Maxims for*
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 Interpretation. By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, D.D.
 Rector of North Farnbridge, Essex. Printed for C. J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard,
 and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

New Burlington Street, Sept. 1851.
INTERESTING WORKS COMPLETED.
 Messrs. Colburn and Bentley having lately completed the
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